

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for horse ailments, for cattle ailments, for sheep ailments.



The most sensible thing to do when suffering from Bruises or Cuts is to treat the wound with

Mexican Mustang Liniment,

because it is noted for its ability to drive out soreness and inflammation, after which it heals the damaged flesh in a remarkably short space of time.

For open wounds soak a cloth with the liniment and bind on the same as you would a poultice. For other hurts apply freely and rub it well in.

For MAN, BEAST or POULTRY.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

is a sure remedy for curing Scaly Legs among poultry.

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(Corner Ninth and Main Streets.)

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One of the most modern and best equipped banks in the State. Their Vault and Safe Deposit Boxes constitute a feature.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c. Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

MARINE LABORATORIES.

Life in Waters of Gulf of Mexico to Be Studied.

The proposition to establish, by the aid of the Carnegie institution, a scientific laboratory for studying the marine life of the tropical waters in and adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico has raised a discussion in Science as to the most desirable location for such an institution, says the Boston Transcript. The Dry Tortugas, about 75 miles west of Key West, which were first proposed, are objected to by several biologists because of their comparative inaccessibility and the lack of any of the comforts of civilization. Jamaica, which has been proposed instead, is said to possess all the natural advantages of the Tortugas, so far as regards the large amount of marine life available to the collector, and also the comforts of a city of considerable size—physicians, good mail and telegraph facilities, good markets and regular lines of passenger steamships.

The fact, however, that the Tortugas station would be on American soil may outweigh its disadvantages in other respects. There are three distinct faunas along the Atlantic coast of North America. Prof. J. S. Kingsley places the dividing line between them at Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras. For the middle section, between the two capes, there are already three well-equipped laboratories—the Marine Biological laboratory and the station of the United States fish commission at Woods Hole, and the Cold Spring laboratory on Long Island. The southern coast has at present only two stations—the recently built station of the United States fish commission, at Beaufort, N. C., and another, only opened this month, at the mouth of the Calcasieu river, near Leesburg, in Louisiana.

The stretch of coast north of Cape Cod has but one small station, the Harpswell laboratory, on Casco bay, near Portland, Me., which is maintained by Tufts college.

A Reliable Institution.

The Bowling Green Business College and Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Kentucky, is in every way a reliable institution. It never resorts to unquestionable methods to secure patronage. Catalog and full information sent on request. Mention Course wanted. Address H. H. Cherry, Business Manager, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Train Held Up

Four masked men held up an express train on the Oregon Railroad and Navigation line in Oregon. One of them was killed by the express messenger and the others decamped without any booty.

Oil the Machinery.

The most complex and delicate machine is the human body. It will occasionally get out of order, the main causes being improper or irregular food, worry, exposure or overwork. Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin is the oil which will prevent friction and complications in the human body. It helps the stomach and bowels to do their work; tones up the liver; cures constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache. All druggists sell it.

Died Suddenly.

While en route from Plattsburg, Mo., to visit her daughter at Elizabethtown, Ky., Mrs. Femima Thomas died suddenly in the passenger depot at Guthrie, Ky.

No need to fear sudden attacks of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, summer complaint of any sort if you have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the medicine chest.

Lading Lawyer Dead.

Mr. Gilbar Cassidy, one of the leading criminal lawyers of North-eastern Kentucky, died suddenly of apoplexy at his home near Flemingsburg.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

GOD'S COUNTRY.

A little farm,
With mountains near;
A brooklet clear,
To music give;
There would I live,
Safe from all vexing and alarm.

One day in seven
For perfect rest,
For spirit-quest;
The church white-spired,
The folk attired
With kind, sweet faces, as in Heaven.

So, day by day,
With wholesome toil
To break the soil,
To feed the flock,
Draw bread from rock,
This is the sweetest living, yea.

God is so near
In quiet place,
In wife's calm face,
In children's health,
In outdoor wealth;
God's country—'tis our Heaven here!
—James Buckham, in Farm Journal.

THE OLD SURVEYOR'S STORY.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

The time is not so far past as to be beyond the recollection of many persons still living, when the extension of railways through new and sparsely inhabited portions of the country was often bitterly opposed by the settlers. The law which authorized the condemnation of land for "right of way," in case of persistent failure to secure it on terms of ordinary bargain and sale, was largely responsible for this unfriendly attitude. Land owners resented what they considered an unwarrantable trespass upon their rights in the forcible partition of their acres by the iron bands which should weld their independent freeholds with the civilization upon which many of them, with the true spirit of the pioneer, had eagerly turned their backs. It followed that the men who undertook to map out the course of a prospective railroad were often viewed with suspicion or treated with open hostility.

An old surveyor, now in his restful seventies is fond of relating, among other reminiscences of his early hardships and exposures, this little story:

"I was never beaten but once, and then by a woman. That was the time I got this pretty mark"—pointing to a deep white scar beginning just over his left temple and reaching obliquely downward to the edge of the right eyebrow—"to carry about with me all the days of my life.

"We were running the line of a certain road through a cup-shaped valley between two ranges of hills. The rich bottom land was owned by the O'Shales, an Irishman and his wife, who had secured it on a squatter's claim. By rights I should have put the wife first, for this was surely a case where the gray mare was the better horse." Mrs. O'Shale was tall and straight, a powerful figure of a woman, with strong masculine features, snapping black eyes, and a splendid shock of hair of the same color.

"From the first she was determined that the road should not cross her farm. No other route, however, could possibly be considered, since to go around it meant tunneling through the hills. Considerable time was spent in vain attempts at conciliation, before the officers of the company in despair determined to take advantage of their legal privileges, and I was directed to proceed with my work.

"Then began a series of annoyances. Our stakes were repeatedly pulled up and their marks obliterated; the pack horses picketed near our camp were mysteriously set loose at night; once a valuable instrument was tampered with. In the end we were forced to detail one of our party as watch while the others slept.

"One morning O'Shale and his son, a well-grown lad of 18, carried their rifles to the field where we were to operate. As we were about scaling the rail fence the old man called out to us: 'Don't come over! If you do, we'll shoot!'

"'Pshaw! you wouldn't shoot a man in cold blood,' I answered, at the same time throwing a leg over the rail; 'let's talk it over!'

"'Not a word, sort!' blustered O'Shale, who, notwithstanding his apparent boldness I knew to be an arrant coward. Step yer fut on the ground at yer peril!'

"'Wait a minute!' I rejoined, following up my advantage with the other leg, while my companions cautiously imitated my example. By dint of continual talk and almost imperceptible advances we finally succeeded in approaching near enough to rush, at a concerted signal, upon the men and disarm them, after which we proceeded with our measurements amid a fusillade of harmless abuse.

"The next day, on returning at evening from a side expedition, we found that our camp had been burned. Blankets, supplies, cooking equipage and some papers and instruments were all a heap of smoking ashes. Of course we had no absolute proof of foul play. A spark from our own breakfast fire might possibly have started the blaze, yet we could scarcely doubt that the catastrophe was only another move in the O'Shale campaign of hindrances.

"Application at the farmhouse for temporary shelter and food met with an unqualified refusal.

"'An' is it milluk ye're wantin'?' cried Mrs. O'Shale, barring the doorway with her muscular figure and brandishing a stewpan by way of emphasis. 'Sure, an' it's the nerve that ye have wid ye! Whin onst ye'd git yer ingines screechin' across the fields, it's not a milluk-givin crathure that'd be left on the place at all, at all! Didn't me Cousin Kelpie tell me as how ivery one o' her cows wint dry o' fright whin the railroad was opened through the pasture? Bad cess to it! An' eggs? Hear the mon! Cousin Kelpie's black Spanish fowls, a dozen o' 'em, sailed squawkin' over the barnyard fence for all the world like a flock of eagles, an' away they wint to the woods where the skunks an' the weasles made short work o' 'em! An' two o' her suckin' pigs, the innocent craythurs, crawled under the fence an' was run over in the same day, let alone a lamb that straggled through the gap. No, sorr! ye can go back fastin' to the place where ye come from, for it's not a bite o' vittles that ye'll be gittin' from Bridget O'Shales! And she banged the door in our faces.

"The situation was serious. A half dozen tired and hungry men, and the next farmhouse five miles away! Suddenly one of us made a fortunate discovery. From the heart of the ash heap was drawn forth a joint of jerked beef roasted to a cinder on the outside, but still containing an eatable remnant within. The tough and blackened morsel was divided into equal portions, with which we were obliged to content ourselves before lying down to sleep on the bare ground. Next morning we set off breakfastless to recruit our supplies.

"But there was more trouble in store for us. Our line must rightly not only bisect the farm but pass directly through the house itself. Here, however, the law in the case was favorable to the occupants. Landed property might be forcibly appropriated and appraised, but an inhabited house was inviolable. At last, after much vexatious and expensive delay, the company directed me to yield the point and run a second line on a curve around the cabin.

"This was but just completed, when, almost with the swiftness of Aladdin's castle, a rough shanty rose under Mrs. O'Shale's direction directly under the new line. She sent for a married son and his wife, and, placing them in charge of the household, removed her immediate family with a few necessary goods and chattels into the temporary structure and set up housekeeping there.

"This was 'the last straw.' Determining to take the law into my own hands and risk the consequences, I warned my resourceful enemy to move out of the shanty within 24 hours on the pain of having it pulled down over her head. This action was all the more necessary since the construction crew was already within a few miles of us. She obstinately and defiantly refused.

"'Sure, an' I've a right to build me house where I like upon me own land!' she declared. 'I've heard tell that an Englishman's house is his castle, an' by the same sign an Irishwoman's is her'n in this free land of Ameriky!'

"She was just bringing a pitcher of water from the spring when I ordered my men to begin the work of demolition. Turning with a really superb motion she stood in the doorway like some wild creature at bay, while the roof boards began to clatter upon the ground. I shall never forget her looks. Her whole body seemed to dilate, her long black hair broke from its comb and streamed down her shoulders, and her eyes shone like two fires. She tried vainly to speak, but anger choked her and no articulate words came to her relief. With a swift, unpremeditated movement she raised her powerful arm and flung the earthen pitcher with unerring aim full into my face. I sank to the ground unconscious, with the blood streaming from a jagged wound in my forehead.

"I was taken up for dead, but finding that life still remained, my men

managed with great difficulty to convey me to the nearest town, where I lay a long time in the hospital.

"My life had hung so critically in the balance that Mrs. O'Shale, thoroughly frightened lest she might have to answer to the charge of murder, had yielded every point in dispute with commendable meekness.

"Oddly enough, I found it difficult to harbor any lasting resentment against the woman who had brought me so near to my death. Much might be pardoned an ignorant, untrained creature who had lived through the cruel evictions of her native island, and having established herself after incredible hardship in a 'free country,' now believed her rights a second time invaded.

"After my recovery, I was called to a distant state, and only ten years later returned to pay a visit to the scene of my unfortunate experiences.

"So rapid had been the development of the country that I found it not easy to recognize familiar landmarks. Growing crops waved where forests had stood unbroken, and prosperous looking houses and barns dotted the landscape.

"I left the train at a tidy little station, where the station master stood upon the platform apparently in the role of a hospitable host. He was a good-looking fellow, whose features seemed unaccountably familiar. The clew which my own memory would doubtless soon have supplied was given by a fellow passenger who alighted with me.

"'Hullo, O'Shale!' said he, 'anything doing?'

"I gave the master a frank stare and then held out my hand. 'Michael,' said I, 'have you forgotten Singleton? I hope you and your father haven't any guns waiting for me this time.'

"The young man stared, looked keenly in my face, and blushed under his tan.

"'Mr. Singleton,' he answered, 'this is mighty unexpected. But I'm glad to see you indeed, and—he hesitated and stammered—if you'll let by-gones be by-gones, and do us the honor to call, my father and mother will be proud of your kindness.'

"'Why, certainly! That's my errand here.'

"'I wish I could take you over, but I can't leave the office. The up-train is due in 20 minutes. But the house is right over there beyond the grove of trees—the white one with green blinds. You can't miss it.'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Could yonder large and commodious dwelling with its clustering outbuildings have replaced the log cabin and the shanty?

"Mrs. O'Shale herself answered my knock. Her black hair showed threads of silver, her dress was neat and becoming and her whole expression had softened. She recognized me instantly.

"The saints be praised!' she exclaimed. 'If it ain't Mr. Singleton himself. Many's the time, sorr, that I've prayed for this day. Me sin's laid heavy on me soul. O Lord forgive me! is that me wurk?' she screamed, as the removal of my hat uncovered the scar. 'And all the time ye an' yer company was the best friends we had, if we'd but known. The worth of the land's more'n doubled since the railroad come through. Pat sold off a ten-acre lot the ither day for more money than the hull farm would 'ave brought when you was here. We've got the house an' the barns, an' a snug bit o' money in the bank, an' it's the foiné wages entirely that Mike do be gettin' at the station. Ah! but it's me-self as was a wicked fool! Mr. Singleton I want to hear ye say that ye don't bear me no ill will!'

"'Not a bit, Mrs. O'Shale!' I answered with hearty truthfulness. 'And now I wonder if I could have the glass of milk I asked for so long ago! Or are your cows all dry, and your hens flown away to the weasels?'

"'Ah, Mr. Singleton! Git along wid ye for makin' game of a poor old woman! Come inside and sit down in the armchair whilst I blow the horn for Pat. He's hoein' over there in the potato patch. Set ye down. I say, till I do be puttin' on the tay-kettle!'" — Orange Judd Farmer.

An Adhesive Borrower.

Bob—Is it safe to lend books to Dave?

Tom—Oh, yes; if you are prepared to give them to him.—Detroit Free Press.

Notable Discovery.

A notable discovery of the expedition to Lake Chad was a tree new to science, the wood of which is lighter than cork.